and wanted me to sign. "What do you mean"? I said-"Did I not sign the appeal form the other day? Why do you want me to sign it again?*' They seemed not to understand my meaning and for a time looked <3uite blank at me, "To whom did you give the signed appeal form"? they asked. "To you"—I said—"whom else"? It all looked such a strange mystery! They had never come to me with any appeal form before, they said, how could I have signed it? However it was useless wasting time over a matter that- could not be explained. I must sign the form they brought with them and be done with it. I did accordingly, and they went away satisfied. However I must tell my readers here that although Sreejut Sen and my uncle denied that they had ever before come to me with any appeal form, it seemed impossible for me to believe what they said; because in that case I should have had to disbelieve mine own eyes, and who could do that? So in order to make amends for the apparent

contradiction
between us, I took their denial for a joke only
that I thought Sarat Babu was playing with me
for fun's sake. Never for a moment did it occur